

"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER"

OMAR OMAR

EVEN THE WORDS BLEND

-between the second and third acts

—when the plot's in a knot—and
you've gone outside to think it over—
and you meet Gray—and you puzzle
over what's going to happen next—
and you light up—and a cigarette's
aroma tastes the sweetest—

Try Omar Aroma
OmarOmar
spells **Aroma**

The very name is redolent with aroma

For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of
rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic tobaccos
—which make the perfect Turkish blend.

These aromatic tobaccos, mixed in a sterilizing
cylinder of burnished copper through which
white clouds of superheated steam are forced,
blend into one perfect Omararoma; then rightly
graduated cooling seals in the perfect aroma.

And there Omar aroma is sure to stay until
—some time when a cigarette is sure to taste
the sweetest—you try Omar—perhaps be-
tween the second and third acts or some other
time when keen good taste insists that only
Omararoma can make a cigarette taste sweetest.

*Aroma makes a cigarette
They've told you that for years*

OMAR

CIGARETTES

Smoke Omar for "Aroma"



15 Cents
a
Package

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



*"Only one man in
25 makes good in
the Miller Plant"*

By Creating Uniform Builders We Created Uniform Tires

Each Man a Master—Each Tire a Masterpiece

MILLER TIRES are known far and wide today as the Uniform Mileage Tires. That means wherever Millers are run under like conditions, they wear the same.

That 99 Millers in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Of all the some 429 brands on the market, there is no other we know to equal this.

How Miller Succeeded

Such uniformity has been the aim of tire makers for years. For who could tell, when he bought a tire, whether it would run 5000 miles or fail at a thousand?

Miller found the solution—not in machines or methods—but in men.

We discovered that workmen must be uniform or their tires (mostly handwork) can never be.

By training a regiment of champion tire builders we reduced the variables in tires to a fraction.

If you want the utmost air capacity—size for size—ask for Miller Cord Tires. They are truly luxurious—yet not a luxury, because they cost less per mile than any other type.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Each Man Rated

Our efficiency experts keep a record of every man and every tire he builds. To pass our inspectors it must reach our 99 per cent grade. If ever a Miller comes back, the builder's score is penalized.

Under this rigid system, only one man in 25 makes good. But those who do average 96 per cent efficient.

Geared-to-the-Road

There is no excuse longer for buying tires on luck. Miller means certainty. And safety, too, due to the tread that is **geared-to-the-road**.

Mark how the sharp rubber cogs engage the ground.

A Limited Number

Only about one motorist in 50 will be able to get the Miller Uniform Tires this year.

It takes time to train men to Miller perfection. Few can ever become masters.

To make sure of securing your season's supply, you must speak to the Miller dealer at once.



GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

IF

*You Were in France
What Would You Do?*

The answer to this absorbing question is on the cover of next week's

Life

After you have made your princely subscription to the Third Liberty Loan, sent your check to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and bought another round of Thrift Stamps,—all of which can be done any morning before eleven,—then we advise you to buy a copy of this number of LIFE. Or you might become a regular subscriber. If you do, not one word of complaint or carping criticism will you hear from us about it.

Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 35

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



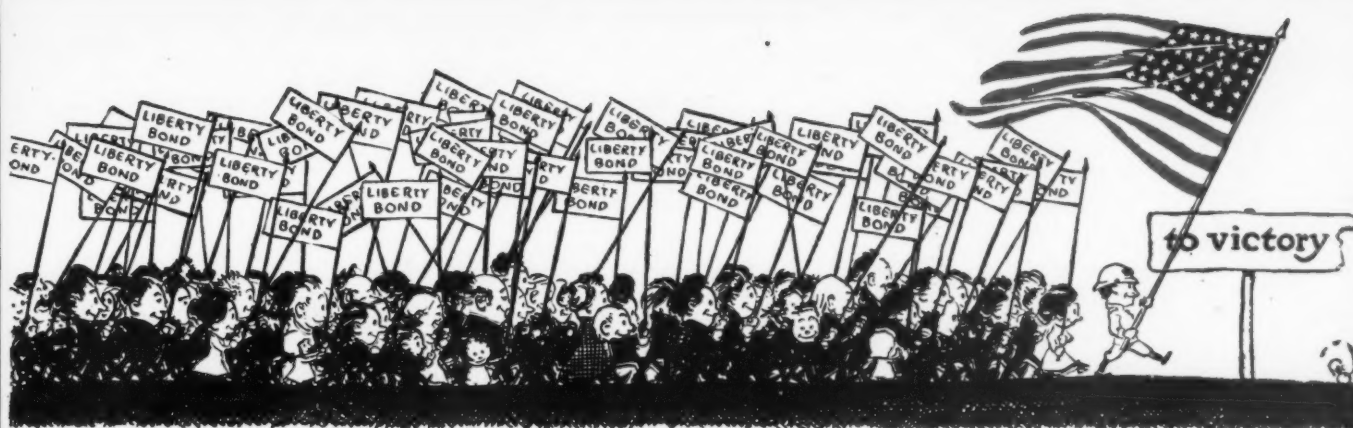
Our soldiers and sailors all like LIFE. Send them your copy when you have read it, or, better yet, enter a subscription.

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members

of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents



? ? ?

DO your own little inconveniences loom so large that you have forgotten our boys in the trenches in France—our boys who are facing so cheerily the danger and desolation of No Man's Land? They are living in mud-trampled trenches, sleeping in mouldy straw. They are cold and wet. In spite of the best supply system, they must sometimes go hungry. Day in and day out they move and eat and sleep and wake to the living hell of an artillery bombardment that never ceases. And always they face undauntedly a million chances of death.

How do your sacrifices compare with theirs? Are they not too small, too petty, by comparison to merit such consideration? We at home are at war too. We must all make sacrifices, meet daily inconveniences, that America may win and win quickly.

We know that our soldiers in France will never fail to answer the call to service. Are we any less ready? The call has sounded.

Your share in the Third Liberty Loan must be *all* the bonds you can buy. Upon the united support of the whole American people hangs the question of Victory.

"A Prudential Policy is an Ally that Never Breaks Faith."

The Prudential

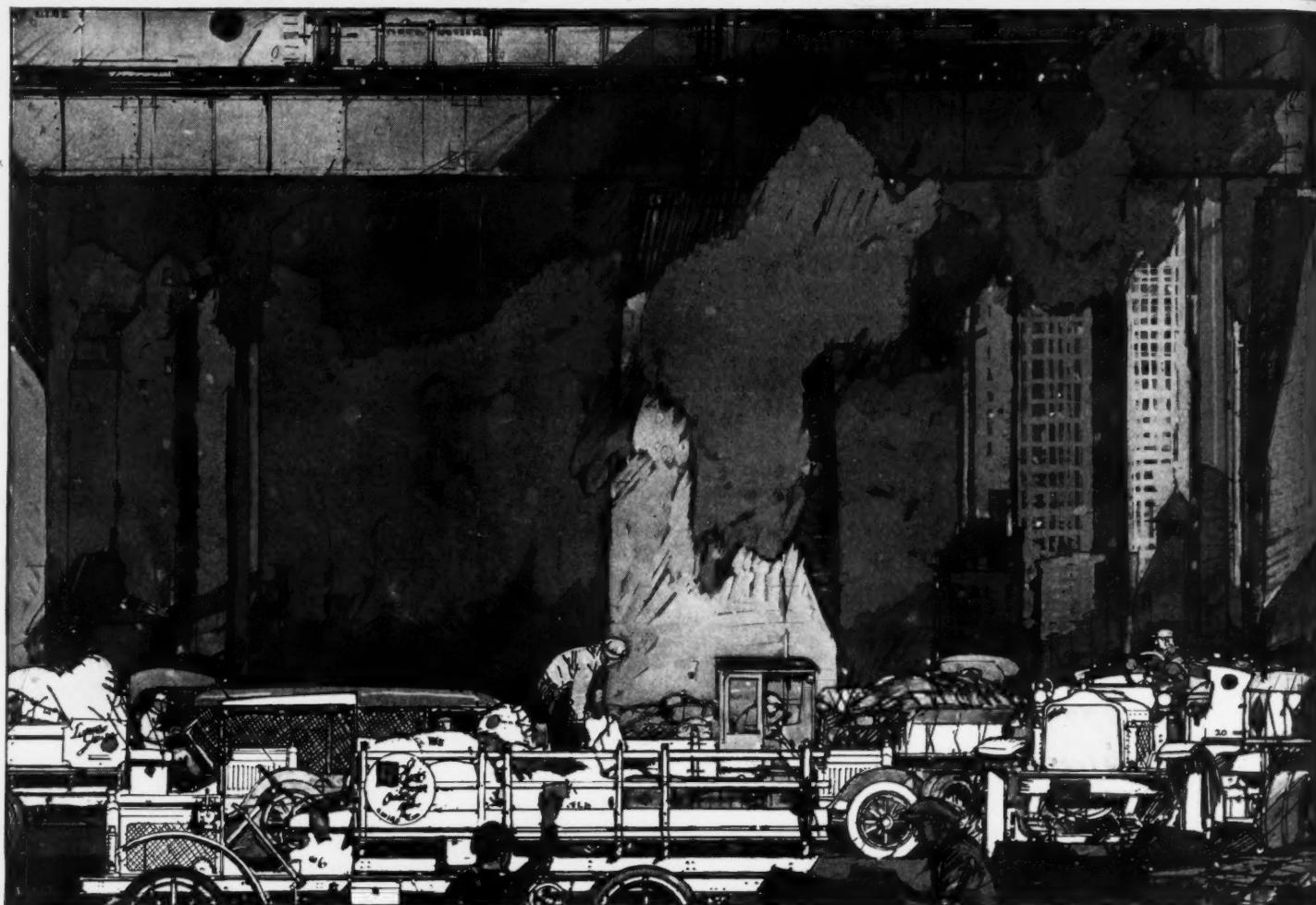
Insurance Company of America

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey



FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



Delivery Costs in this Country Equal its Total Freight Bill

AUTHORITIES estimate that the American people pay as much for carting and delivering merchandise in towns and cities as they do for freight charges earned by all the railroads combined. This is a tremendous factor in the high cost of living.

Cartage from freight car to store door is an expensive item. There is no schedule about it. Consignees go for their freight whenever they get ready and often spend hours in getting it, due to congestion, and then carry away only part of a load.

CONSUMER PAYS OVER SIX CENTS OUT OF EVERY \$1

An interesting investigation has been made recently by the Department of Commerce to determine the cost of retail delivery in the city of Washington. Figures obtained from 128 concerns doing one-third of the total retail business showed an average delivery cost of 6.2% of gross sales. *Out of every dollar spent for merchandise, more than six cents was paid for delivering it.*

The actual cost, in different lines of business, ranged from 1½% to 45%. It totaled \$8,000,000, as against \$7,250,000 for inbound freight. Each family in Wash-

ington thus paid on an average \$101.26 for retail delivery during the year 1916.

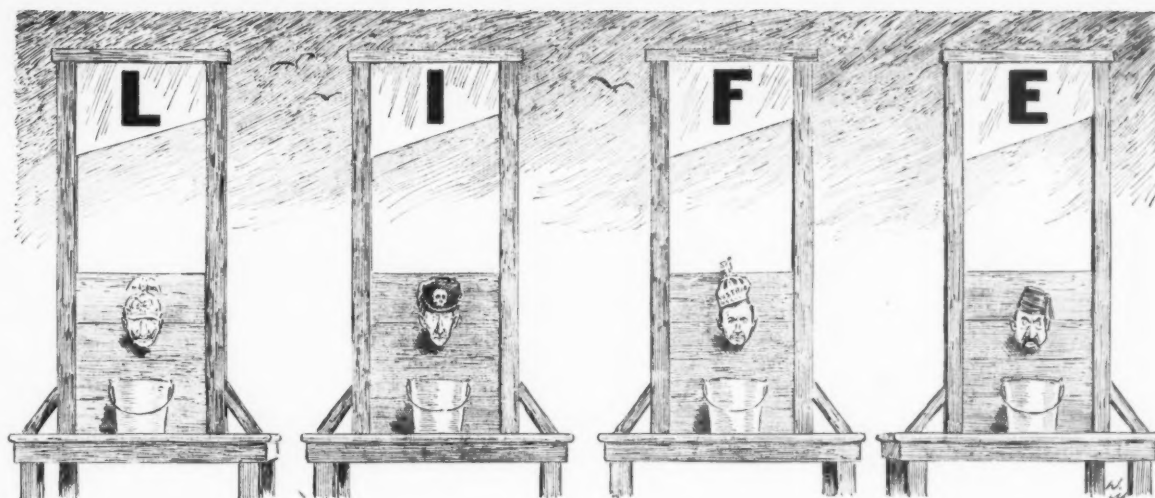
A SIGNIFICANT FEATURE

Costs varied widely for concerns in the same line of business. While individual conditions, volume of trade, etc., were factors, *inefficiency* and *waste* played a large part in this variation. Some concerns used horses for delivery; others used inferior trucks; and still others, including some of the foremost and largest concerns, used the *best grade* of trucks, whose operating efficiency is high and whose operating cost is correspondingly low.

A REAL SOLUTION

War-time pressure now and peace competition after the war will inevitably force merchants and manufacturers to use the best trucks which can be built. They are the cheapest. True economy lies in the volume of performance steadily maintained over a long period of time. The investment charge is relatively small. Labor, fuel, depreciation, overshadow it. Any increase of the former which will decrease the latter effects a very substantial saving.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND



"To Bring Them Home"

The war must be won . . . not alone by our armies . . . but by the personal sacrifice of every man, woman and child of the nation.

—President Wilson.

OVER in France, where the death shells scream,
The boys are fighting, as in a dream—
A glorious dream of blood and hell—
While I stay home and prosper well.

Over in France they are dying now,
Like red earth turned by a giant plow;
They are going across, with a smile, for me—
While I stay home in security.

Over in France the gas clouds roll,
And the shower of steel is taking its toll;
The flag drives on, but the boys lie still—
While I live on and I eat my fill.

Dear God in heaven, in whom we trust,
Turn the food in my throat to dust
If I miss one chance which may come to me
To bring them home with the victory!

Kenneth Groesbeck.

An Art

HOW to increase the popularity of one who is already popular may be an art in itself. Leonard Wood is popular. He has fought for years in favor of adequate preparedness, against his own personal interest. Telling the truth is popular with the people, but not with everybody else. Leonard Wood has recently been telling the truth. President Wilson, ignoring the example of Abraham Lincoln, who waited humbly in McClellan's ante-room, has refused to confer with General Wood.

Did President Wilson do this with the intention of enhancing General Wood's already great popularity?

Not So Bad

THERE goes Bulgerly. He is the banker who has given up his time working for the government for one dollar a year."

"Heavens! Is that all he makes?"

"Oh, no. In view of his fine patriotism, the directors voted to continue his salary."



"No, Fred! Remember this is kissless Friday"



OUR TEDDY



CLEVER LITTLE HENRY FORD

HISTORIC BOYS

Money and Labor and Life

WHEN they called my boy they didn't say "Please,"
 And they didn't ask if he cared to go;
 They said there was need of him over the seas
 Where the winds of death and destruction blow,
 And they made no bid for his favor—no!
 The word was: "Come, nor be asking why.
 If life is the price we must pay the foe
 It is not for you to refuse to die."

When they need the help of the millionaire
 They beg his favor and stroke his hand;
 They name no burden that he must bear,
 And they go to him with no sharp command.
 If he gives a tithe he is "good" and "grand,"
 But they leave it to him to say yes or no.
 In case he refuses to understand
 The only answer is, "Be it so!"

We beg the striker to cease to strike;
 We name his duty and murmur, "Please!"
 If work is a thing which he does not like
 He drops his tools and remains at ease.

What does it matter that overseas
 The winds of death and destruction blow?
 We coax the striker with sophistries,
 And plead in a language he does not know.

They made no plea when they called my son;
 They did not ask: "Will you go or stay?"
 They said, "Stand forth!" and the thing was done.
 There was neither argument nor delay!
 The millionaire may decline to pay;
 The sullen striker may cheer the foe:
 Shall we ask for life as a forfeit? Yea!
 Labor and cash are too precious, though.

S. E. Kiser.

In the War

PARKE: My one regret is that I am beyond the draft age.

LANE: But you are doing a lot now, aren't you?

"That's it. My wife is giving me a course of intensive household training."



OFF TO THE WAR
SPEAKING OF EQUIPMENT

Bacteriologists

WHAT has become of the bacteriologists? Can it be possible that the war has relegated them to an enforced obscurity? Serum experts have stepped out into the limelight, and in the soil of the war are now flourishing like green bay trees. No camp is complete without a corps of these gentlemen, who will stab you in forty different places with forty kinds of serums while you wait. But for some reason not apparent the bacteriologist appears to have missed his opportunities. The

pursuit of microbes is no longer fashionable. There was a time when the microscope was mightier than the vaccine gun. Now the bacteriologist is about as popular as a vice-president.

Does he merely bide his time? Is he now secretly concocting a new and extended list of fatal diseases, with which to regale a jaded public after the war?

A LITTLE girl, aged five, said her prayers:

"Dear God, bless mamma and papa, bless my little sisters and me, and oh, God, please teach me how to knit."

United They Stand

IN valiant warfare, over there,
Is borne the battle's brunt,
Where Pershing's ranks of gallant men
Are trenching at the front.

But there's a peaceful sector that
Gives "war fare" over here,
Where Hoover's noble army is
Re-trenching in the rear.

J. B. H.

A MOTTO for the new Republic of
Palestine: *O tempora! O Mores!*

Life's Title Contest

For the best titles to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . . \$500.00
Second Prize, . . . \$200.00
Third Prize, . . . \$100.00

With Special Prizes for Soldiers and Sailors

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood those titles which most cleverly and briefly describe the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one. Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case a prize is won by a Soldier or Sailor \$100.00 extra will be added to the first prize, \$50.00 extra to the second and \$25.00 extra to the third. By the term Soldier and Sailor is meant anyone, no matter what the rank, in the uniformed forces of the United States government. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these terms the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on May 6, 1918, no manuscripts received after that time being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for



For the Best Titles to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page

the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

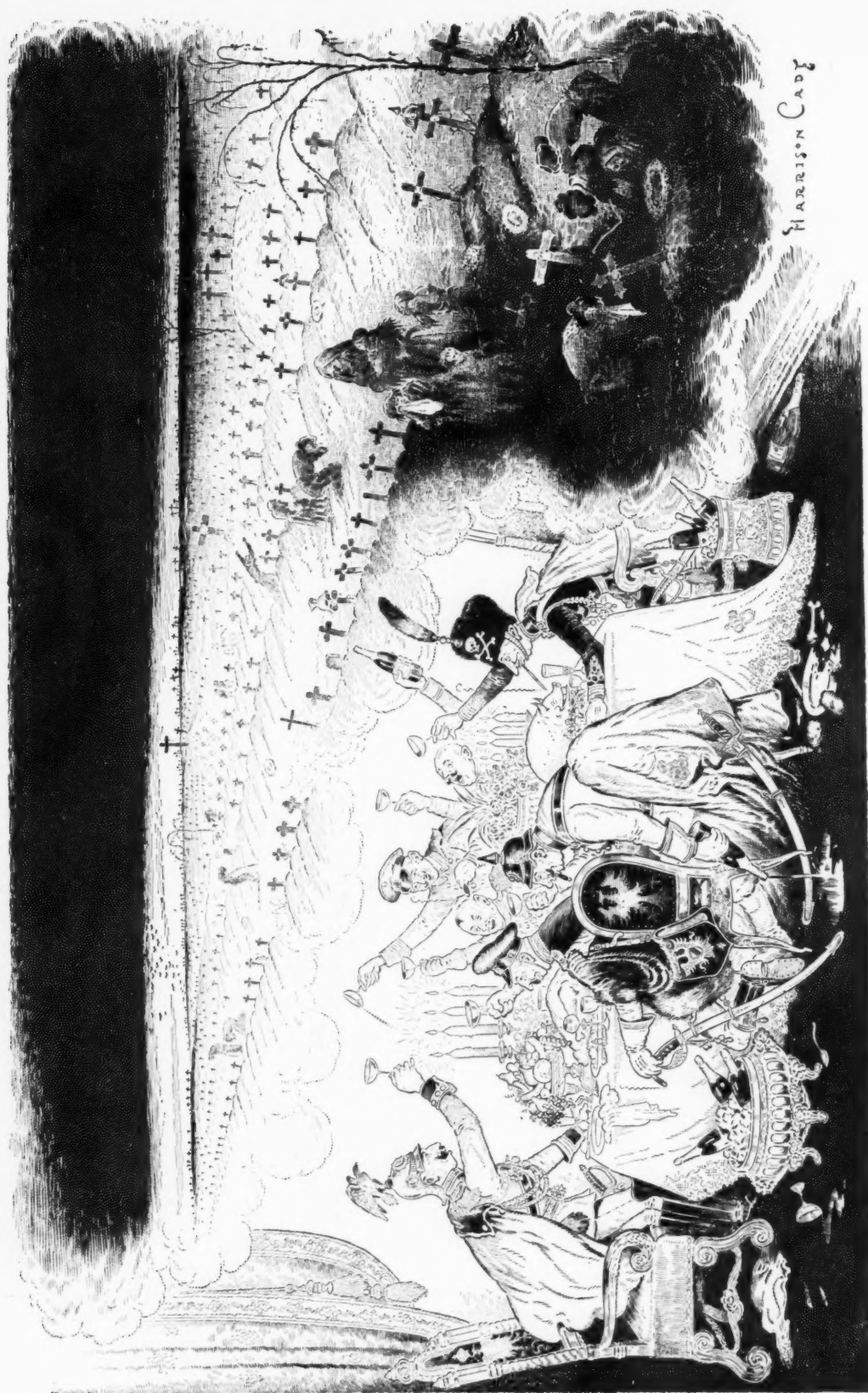
Leave Be the Battle Hymn

DR. VAN DYKE has written and published an additional verse to Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Howe's daughter, says her mother's hymn is perfect and complete as it is, and nothing should be added to it.

Mrs. Hall is right. Documents like the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg address and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" should not be subjected to interpolations to suit emergencies.

"SHE married the son of a street railway magnate, and made him settle a fortune on her first."

"One of those pay-as-you-enter marriages."



A TOAST BY THE LIVING SONS
"TO THE GERMAN SONS WHO HAVE FALLEN"



EVEN OVER THERE
 "In the spring a young man's fancy," etc.

Whither Bound, Sweet Earth?

THE new German onslaught in France, the tapping of a new loan at our national door, the regathering of the remaining resources of men and wealth of all the contending nations, all make to set us wondering again how much there is going to be left of the world we knew when all this prevailing disturbance and disbursement is over.

Who is looking forward, and to what? Who plans a new enterprise? Who undertakes a work that will take any considerable time without wondering into what kind of a world it will be born?

Babies come to birth about as usual, but one begins to regard them as unconscious speculators in a hazard whereof no one can forecast the outcome. They are welcomed, loved and reared, but who dare predict what kind of a world it will be in which they must run their course?

The Germans are the centre of attention. We say to ourselves and to each other: When we have brought the Germans to terms we will go on and fix up the world again. But are the Germans the world's great disease, or are they merely a symptom and manifestation of it? When the Germans have been finished, can the old games be resumed? Will there be enough left of civilization to hobble on? Will there be forces left in the world that will be competent to save it, or will some fresh destructive agency burst out?

In the rooms of the New York Historical Society there are five large paintings by Thomas Cole. The series is called the Rise and Fall of Empire. The locality is the same in all the pictures—a place where a river reaches the sea. The first scene shows untutored "natives" chasing the wild creatures; the next is pastoral life; the next exhibits the glorious rise of commerce; the next, the culmination of national wealth, shown in luxury and architecture, and the last is a ruin of palaces. There are plenty of ruins in the world, there is plenty of history, to back these pictures. The question is whether they illustrate an infallible rule of progress and decay that is still as much operative as ever, or whether there is that in our civilization and religion that can nullify this old habit and fetch away a war-sick,

wealth-sick patient from the coils of deadly diseases, into convalescence and a new lease of life.

That is what the next generation, or the next two generations, will have to find out. If Civilization has such a habit as these pictures suggest—if, as Bro. Cram, the Gothic resurrectionist, keeps telling us, the bubble must break at end of every five hundred years and be blown all over again—it makes the concerns of terrestrial life seem almost too transient to warrant the care we bestow on them. If our apparatus is now in the periodical act of cracking, if our system of human co-operation is breaking down, we shall be well advised to give more of our attention to spiritual things, for our earthly experiences will be trying.

But it behooves us not to rush to despondent conclusions. It favors Bro. Cram's theory that the destructive forces now operating are the strongest ever known. It opposes it that since Christendom recovered from the collapse of the Roman Empire it has never quite gone back to grass, though Mr. Cram considers both the Renaissance and the Reformation as processes of decay.

Meanwhile, considering the gravity of the world's plight, the current local political palliatives that are offered it seem negligible. What matters votes for women, or this or that degree of prohibition, or more subways or less, or Hylan for mayor, in a world in the plight that ours is in? What matters even a League to Enforce Peace if the nations that compose it are to be crippled invalids dying of an internal disease?

We want a new diagnosis of world-sickness. What is the matter with the good old Earth and her residents that she should suffer these horrible pangs and eruptions? What is the medicine her system requires, and how can we get it? Love will be left in the world, in all the usual variety, of the old for the young, of the young for the young, of the saints for everyone, and where love continues life will go on. There is no doubt that life will go on, and that happiness again will bless humanity, but what kind of a cropper are we in for meantime?

When a human patient is as sick as the world is, he has, if he can afford it, a consultation of doctors. The world may come to that, but not until there is some prospect that the consultants will agree.

E. S. M.

A War Tax

FAITH, Tim 'as just enlisted,
An' left for Dublin town;
'E 'eld 'is 'ead that airy
'E might 'ave wore a crown;
'E begged so 'ard, an' showed me
A rose 'id in 'is pack,
I 'ad to say I'd wed 'im
Whin 'e'd be comin' back.

Me 'cart ached so for Patsy
I 'ad to swear the loike,
An' whin I promised Terence,
I'd not be slightin' Moike;
I said I'd not be bound till
They'd kilt a 'un or two,
But they was so persuasive,
What could a poor gurl do?

Shure, I was mad entoirely
Whin Delia took the whim—
She always was a sly thing—
To do the same by thim.
The trenches won't need warmin'
If they be gettin' wise,
Still, isn't it wan's duty
To thry an' cheer the byes?
Charlotte Becker.

Brains and Hats

THERE are changes in the styles of politeness, just as there are in clothes and other things. At one time it was expected that every true gentleman would get up and give his seat to a lady in public vehicles. This fashion appears to be going out, especially in large cities. It is no longer, as it once was, expedient for a gentleman to remove his hat in an elevator in the presence of a lady. But men are still polite to women mentally. Men do not argue with woman any more than they have always done. If a woman says that a certain thing is so, no man tells her that she is wrong, and the handsomer and cleverer she is the less inclined is the man to differ with her outwardly. That is to say, men doff their brains to women as of old, if not always their hats.

OWNER OF MAGAZINE: Can you support my daughter in the misery to which she has become accustomed since the war opened?
"Easily. I am a jeweler."



THE NAKED TRUTH

Socialist: SEE! TAKE OFF HIS FANCY UNIFORM AND MEDALS AND HE IS NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF US

Good Business

SALESMAN (in dog shop): That pup over there is a fierce little brute. Wants to bite everybody. What shall I do with him?

PROPRIETOR: We must have a little patience and try to sell him to a Christian Scientist.

Acrostic

Laughable lyrics lightly lilting.

Inimitable iconoclasm ideally illustrated.

Filosophical frases fancifully fashioned.

Endless epigrams eliminating ennui.



Mrs. Hippo: YES, MY DEAR, I'M HOOVERIZING LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. I'VE CUT DOWN TO ONLY ONE BALE OF HAY FOR EACH MEAL.



UNDINE

BUT NO DANGER IF THEY PULL TOGETHER

Education for Success

THE newspapers reported (March 20th) that Prof. Holt, Harvard psychologist, had said that eight out of ten Harvard graduates are failures; that the Harvard elective system is asinine, and that—

it is foolish to talk of general culture in an age where only specialists succeed. The cry of the business world is for unified men, men who sleep, eat and talk business; men whose whole education has been built upon that fundamental boyish inclination which denotes the real nature of the man.

In unity alone is there success, and until Harvard realizes that her purpose is to make successful men, she is a failure.

The *Harvard Illustrated* reported these remarks, and, the papers say, the Harvard authorities suppressed so much of the paper as contained them.

But why? Who could put the case against general culture worse than it is put above? Who could picture a more disenchanting and repulsive Frankenstein monster than the unified man, who sleeps, eats and talks business? When a man has attended so thoroughly to his own case and theory as Prof. Holt seems to have done, it seems a pity to meddle.

Possibly, however, the Harvard authorities lean somewhat towards specialized education, and were loath to have the case for it put so ill as Prof. Holt seems to have put it. There is

much to be said for it for average boys. For a good many boys it is good. To find a boy's bent and train him in accordance with it is very good sense; only, if you catch a boy who is really worth educating, you want, if you can, to make a whole man of him, and not a narrowed-down specialist. To be a specialist is the easiest way to be "successful." But specialists, though they are ever so useful in this world, will never manage it. The managers will be completer men, who have thought more deeply about more things.

The funniest thing about psychology is its effect on psychologists. They put the spirit under a microscope, and—*presto!*—it is gone, and they are taking notes on attributes of the body.



THE STOLEN OVERCOAT
HOW LONG CAN HE KEEP IT?

Ad Puerum

Horace: Book I, Ode xxxviii
"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus—"

NO Persian pomp and circumstance, O boy, for Q. H. F.
To soft delights of Pullman cars and taxis I am deaf.
Let meatless, wheatless days be mine until the Kaiser's
canned;
Corn-bread for me, and on my head a simple myrtle band.

The "Movie" Emotion

THERE are three kinds of emotion—mental, cardiac and "movie."

The "movie" emotion is a brand-new branch of psychology.

It is produced by intense vividness, brought about by reformed second-story artists, mamma-and-the-baby-are-being-evicted-again, the return of the lounge-lizard to the family pocketbook, the Tolstoied gambler in a sandstorm, Lydia Lingerie surprised by her husband camouflaged o'er with whiskers.



THE U-BOAT CREW FORGETS CAPTAIN SCHMIDT IS ON DECK

The Patriots

SCENE: The Cohenburg establishment. Mrs. Cohenburg is seated in the handsome living-room, with its new grand piano, some new oil paintings on the walls, ornate furniture, and on her hands two new diamond rings. Enter Cohenburg, rustling a mass of papers in his hand.

COHENBURG: Well, my dear, I just settled up.

MRS. COHENBURG: You mean with the last war contracts?

COHENBURG: Yes. You see, this time I got in on the ground floor. I bought horses, mules and wool. My! What a risk I took!

MRS. COHENBURG: How do you mean, what a risk?

COHENBURG: Well, suppose the war had stopped. I might have had those horses, mules and wool on my hands and had to sell 'em for what I paid for them. It makes me nervous to think of it. That's what a great many people don't understand. They think we rob the country. But we wear ourselves out taking risks. As you know, I have been down at Washington, morning, noon and night, for weeks. I tell you I worked hard.

MRS. COHENBURG: Don't I know it! I was worried for fear you'd break down. How much did you clear this time?

COHENBURG (looking furtively at the door, lowering his voice and taking out the papers): Well, here it is. After all deductions, I cleared eight hundred thousand dollars. Not bad, eh! And the cash is in the banks.

MRS. COHENBURG: What banks?

COHENBURG: Oh, around.

MRS. COHENBURG: Well, take my advice and buy some



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

"OH, WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THOSE HELMETS?"

"PRESENTED TO ME BY THE OWNERS, LASSIE."

Liberty Bonds. We don't have to worry some now; you might as well invest in a good security, then they won't know how much money you have when they aren't registered.

COHENBURG: Sure! (*He relapses slightly into the dialect he was familiar with twenty years ago.*) I buy Liberty Bonds, vy not? By der way, Rachel, I saw der Red Cross committee coming out of der house just now.

MRS. COHENBURG: Yes. I told them to put us down for a subscription for fifty dollars.

COHENBURG (*warmly*): My! Rachel, that was generous of you, and before you knew how much I'd made!

MRS. COHENBURG: Oh, well, we must stand by the country.

COHENBURG: Good! That's the way I like the women to talk. And what do you say now to making it one hundred dollars? Think, Rachel.

MRS. COHENBURG: You sure you got that eight hundred thousand dollars?

COHENBURG: Sure I have. In five banks.

MRS. COHENBURG: Well, I tell you what. I'll telephone the committee to make it seventy-five dollars. That'll make 'em feel good, anyway. And by and by, when we think it over, maybe we make it one hundred dollars.

COHENBURG (*firmly*): No, Rachel! My mind is made up. I go the limit. Make it one hundred dollars. Remember, Rachel, we must win this war!

T. L. M.

My War Girl

Specifications

ALWAYS cheerful; plain cheeks without paint or powder; clear blue eyes; severe lines; capable of working ten hours a day; sense of humor; sweet smile; affectionate disposition; a good sport; travels under the motto: "Win the war first." And then—?

"Here comes the bride!"



Liberty Bond Don'ts

Don't

Leave them for other people!
Imagine you could make a safer investment!
Blame the administration for issuing them!
Envy the big investors—join them!
Resolve to buy only one bond!
Try to dodge patriotic solicitors!
Yield to selfish tight-fistedness!

Belittle the four per cent.
Offer your bonds as purchase money!
Neglect to safeguard them!
Deem it vulgar to wear a bond button!

Doubt the government's solvency!
Omit to display the bond flag!
Necessitate compulsory buying!
Think you are doing more than your duty!
Sigh when you hand over your money!

Edmund J. Kiefer.

A Conscientious Objector

MOTHER: Now, Ethel, take this castor oil like a brave little lady.

ETHEL: I don't think it would be right for me to take it, mother. You see, I have *just* decided to become a Christian Scientist.

THE Hindenburg line is the shortest route between two prearranged retreats.



"Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep"

Things in the Army That

Increase

Your appetite.
Your respect for the flag.
Your love for your mother.
Your promptness.
Your democracy.
Your feet.

Decrease

Your surplus fat.
Your self-conceit.
Your fastidiousness.
Your selfishness.
Your carelessness.
Your finances.



Private Jones (who has borrowed a relic from a nearby château): THIS IS WHAT I CALL THE PROPER COSTUME FOR BAYONET WORK.



The Colonel: WHY DON'T YOU GIRLS FALL IN FOR BREAKFAST PARADE? DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE BUGLE?
"WE OVERSLEPT OURSELVES, COLONEL, BUT WE'LL MANAGE ALL RIGHT IF YOU DON'T MIND KEEPING
SOMETHING WARM FOR US."



APRIL 11, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 71
No. 1850

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Brema Bldgs., London, E. C.



THINGS go better over there.

The German drive is checked,

possibly stopped.

At this writing they have not arrived at Amiens, much less Paris. One reads that they are digging in. One reads that their casualties on April 1st have reached three hundred thousand. The main thing is that there is confidence that the huge German onset has not strength enough to overwhelm the defenders of France. All we know—all we read or hear—makes for confidence in the defense of France. There are enough Frenchmen, Britishers, Americans and Portuguese to hold off the monster in this rush.

More important still, there is the experience, the training and the generalship to do it. Haig knows how; Petain knows how. Preeminently Foch knows how. We have all refreshed our memories of Foch since he was made supreme commander, and everything that comes back to knowledge about him strengthens confidence that he is the man for the place he has been put into. His office, as understood, will be especially to handle the mobile reserves of all the armies, and drive them at the proper point at the proper time. That kind of generalship won the battle of the Marne, and this second great German onslaught may be nicked, frustrated and thrown back as that one was.

Meanwhile it is a serious business, and likely to continue so, and to call for every effort the Allies can make, and especially that we can make. We

are assured that our government is rushing troops to Europe much faster than heretofore, and expects to far outdo all previous expectations, and to have a million fighting men in France and England before you know it, and a million and a half within the present twelve-month. That assurance, which comes through the newspapers, is all we can expect, so long as the government does not advertise sailings nor tell the number of men that go. We shall know, however, whether it is being made good.

It looks quite as though the German war-masters intended this time to have a settlement one way or the other, and either win a decision in France or satisfy themselves that they cannot do it. If that is so, this will be a long fight, another Verdun, hospitable to all troops from any quarter that can be put into it. And perhaps when it ends, if it ends right, we shall begin to see daylight ahead.



IN these times people must understand one another.

Whole nations of dissimilar people have to work together for a common purpose that cannot be accomplished without united effort.

Inside of the nations people of different social groups have to make acquaintance, join forces, create or accept management, and work together. Even in families there has to be more co-operation than usual, more agree-

ment as to food, economies, scale of living, entertainment and domestic duties, if members living under one roof are to pursue their varied war duties to advantage.

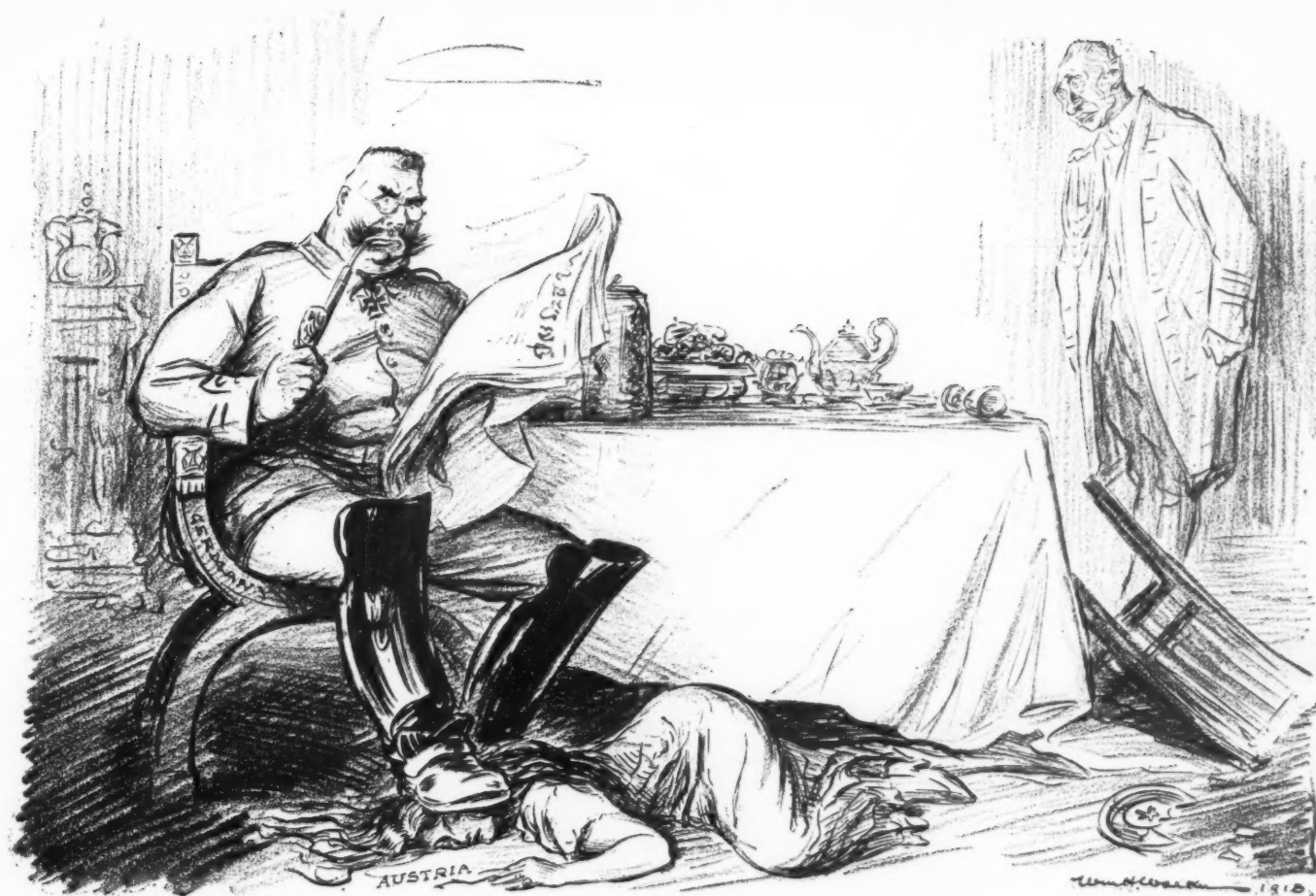
The war is an extraordinary force to drag people out of retirement and separation and drive them into cooperative exertions. Any great catastrophe has that effect locally. When the Titanic was sinking social distinctions vanished and human relations were all that was left. When San Francisco was shaken and burned it was the same. The people put aside selfishness and rose to a level of humanity on which each was for all. The great war is doing on a huge world-scale what was done locally in San Francisco by the fire and what must have been done in Halifax by the explosion.

After the war it may be much the same. If there is to be peace on earth the people must get together.

The war is drawing them together as nothing else could. There has been a tradition, more than a century old and very widespread in the United States, that the British are our rivals and natural enemies. The temporary facts in which it originated have long since ceased to be. The facts of the last half century have argued quite the contrary. But among people who know more of ancient history than of modern, the tradition lingered. And history is apt to be ancient before it reaches the masses of the people. Before it is sifted, analyzed, corrected, and the lie has ceased to pass about it, and it has been put into books and distributed to the schools, it is usually pretty old. But the old traditional anti-British animosity in this country has been dying, especially for the last three years, and by the time a million Americans are fighting in France alongside of the French and British, it will be dead beyond even the power of Sinn Fein to resuscitate it.



HENRY ADAMS is dead, an old man as mortal years go, and very interesting. He had seen much,



THERE ARE RUMORS THAT THE MARRIED LIFE OF THIS COUPLE IS NOT ALTOGETHER HAPPY

thought much, reflected, inquired and speculated, and written a good deal.

The *World*, in speaking of him, thought that the interest in his death was "based less on his own personality and accomplishments than on the passing of another member of the great Massachusetts family." The *Times* seemed to have a fuller notion of him, and to be better read in his later books. Both papers spoke of his earlier histories and biographies, but only the *Times* of "Mont St. Michel to Chartres," and "the Education." It quoted John Hay as calling him "the Angelic Porcupine," and said he "went his own way, keeping mostly hid his militant and fruitful talents."

He kept them hid, but not idle. His histories and biographies were published,

but his even more valuable later books were privately printed. Mr. Cram induced him, some years ago, to allow the publication of "Chartres," but "The Education of Henry Adams," beautifully printed, which for years past has edified selected readers, has never been offered to the public.

It is an autobiography. There is probably more to it than was put in print, even for private circulation, and Mr. Adams probably made provision in his will for the complete publication of it at some appointed time; perhaps at once, for most of the people it tells about are dead.

It is an extraordinary book; the history of a mind, with notice of some friendships and of various national episodes. Mr. Adams was private secre-

tary to his father, our Civil War minister to England, and tells about that. He was the intimate friend of John Hay and Clarence King, and a fellow-traveler in the South Seas with John La Farge. The "Education" tells of them all, and of many others, but mostly of Henry Adams and the exercises of his mind, and its enquiries into human affairs during what he seemed to feel was the last lap of an era probably destined to end in a crash.

It is like no other book, and at least will amply serve to rescue the personality and accomplishment of its author from absorption in the record of "the great Massachusetts family." And possibly it will help in the reorientation of minds and expectations that will follow the war.



Prussian Gentlemen in



Gentlemen in an Orchard



Another Theatre Added to What We Had Before



THE ambition of Mr. Henry Miller to be that rare thing in America, an actor-manager, seems to be completely realized in the opening of Henry Miller's Theatre. It is a handsome playhouse, large enough to hold a paying patronage, yet of the modern construction which brings the whole audience close to the stage. Its decorative scheme is luxurious without being gaudy. With the curtain up, the coloring of the auditorium is such that it is completely lost and there is nothing to draw the eye from the stage picture. Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on the housing he has provided for his managerial undertakings.

IN his capacity as manager Mr. Miller has chosen for his opening attraction a very light comedy, by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, entitled "The Fountain of Youth." It is so very thin in plot and incident that evidently the main reliance is placed on atmosphere and dialogue. The theory of the production seems to be an admission that it is no longer possible to stir the public with sensation of any sort and that the proper catch is to amuse it politely with persiflage politely presented.

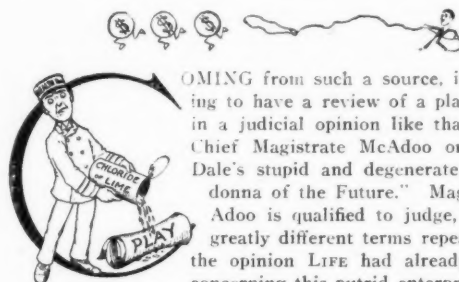
To what extent the theory is correct remains to be seen. It looks as though the process of dilution had in this instance been carried too far. So far as atmosphere is concerned there is small room for complaint. The manager has provided for the one scene used an elegant interior not excelled in our most expensive and tasteful modern houses and never equalled in genuineness and solidity of construction by Augustin Daly in his prime. In these surroundings a well chosen company move and group themselves with a fairly faithful reproduction of the ease and familiarity of real persons. The author makes them go through some rather extraordinary comings and goings, but we must not be too captious about these details if he is to tell any story at all. His dialogue has a number of clever lines which, as the play grows older, will doubtless be delivered more naturally and with their cleverness less obviously labelled.



MR. MILLER as manager has cast Mr. Miller as actor in the very leading rôle of *Gerald Place*. He is a gentleman of later middle age who returns to America, after years of absence and void of youthful feeling, only to find himself immersed in the ambitions and temperaments of a surrounding of young persons. He yields to the atmosphere to the extent of falling in love with a young woman, succumbs to age again when he thinks she doesn't reciprocate, and as a

climax finds she does, thus being more or less permanently rejuvenated. The final curtain falling at this point leaves us with forebodings of ultimate tragedy. Mr. Miller has sufficient charm in this comedy part to make us believe that the young woman might possibly have fallen in love with him, even to the extent of coming alone to his house at midnight. It is perhaps less Mr. Miller's fault than the author's that we are not completely convinced of his charm as a lover. We get the results without much indication of the process. The majority of persons are from Missouri with respect of the personal attraction of elderly gentlemen for charming young women such as Olive Tell makes the heroine. The rest of the cast is rather dwarfed by the preponderance of the leading character, but Lucile Watson and Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper manage to individualize their rôles. Mr. Frank Sylvester stands out in a character part obviously satirizing the bad manners of certain theatrical managers.

"The Fountain of Youth" is an agreeable but far from important curtain-raiser on the new career of the actor-manager of Henry Miller's Theatre.



COMING from such a source, it is gratifying to have a review of a play confirmed in a judicial opinion like that passed by Chief Magistrate McAdoo on Mr. Alan Dale's stupid and degenerate "The Madonna of the Future." Magistrate McAdoo is qualified to judge, and in not greatly different terms repeated exactly the opinion LIFE had already expressed concerning this putrid enterprise.

Many persons believe silence is wiser than the public condemnation which gives advertising and increased dirty profits to the authors and backers of such plays. Of course that is



SPRING FASHIONS

SCOTCH SPORRANS WILL BE USED FOR KNITTING BAGS

the easier method, but if the police and other authorities can be made to do their duty, it is only by having it pointed out by the public prints. In the present case the policy of silence was admirably followed by the New York newspapers. In Brooklyn the newspapers were more outspoken. They have more public spirit, and the authorities were compelled to take notice. Proceedings were instituted which have not at present writing reached their end.



THE government came very near making the circus an impossibility this year by the denial of transportation facilities. For the same reason the traveling theatrical companies have been badly hampered. Baseball, horse-racing and other out-of-door sports may be subjected to the same serious handicap.

This seems a mistake from a psychological point of view. The war grows more depressing, and is bound to grow more depressing every day. Not all those who are left at home are slackers, and they are entitled to some relaxation from gloomy thoughts. If all the ball players could be sent to the front they wouldn't make a single company. The breeding of thoroughbred horses has already been discouraged to the point that there is a serious dearth of decent mounts for our cavalry.

With five millions in the field there will still be a hundred million Americans at home. It won't do to let them get too downhearted from dwelling on one topic.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Fancy Free" with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Notice later.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Comedy of the day, agreeable, funny and very well played.

Bijou.—"The Squab Farm," by the Hattons. The immorality in the moving-picture business thoroughly exploited.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Diverting comedy with the joys and sorrows of puppy-love as a basis.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." Charming musical play, well performed.

Casino.—"An American Ace," by Mr. L. J. Carter. Notice later.

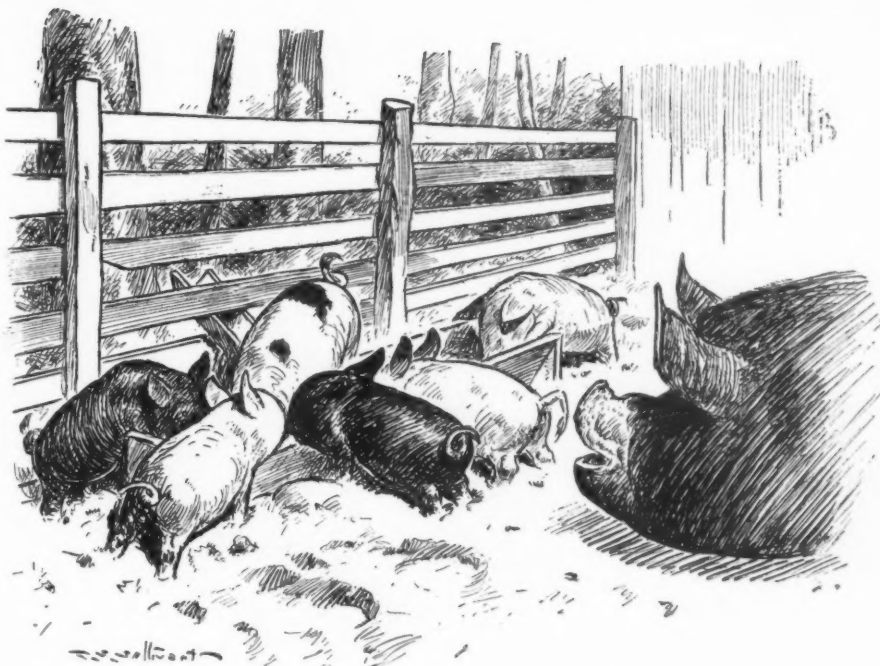
Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." "The Forty Thieves," the foundation for a gorgeous Oriental and musical spectacle.

Cohan.—"Toot-Toot!" Captain Rupert Hughes's "Excuse Me" turned into an elaborate and laughable musical farce.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Clever and well acted, comedy version of "clothes make the man."

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Notice later.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." Near-nudity emphasized in a girl-and-music show of the usual sort.



Mrs. Porker: PERCIVAL, GET OUT OF THAT TROUGH! YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE A GERMAN!

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. An American *midinette* the agreeable heroine of a character-study drama.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman initiate Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter into the laughable possibilities of the moving-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Off Chance," by Mr. R. C. Carton. Life in London's fast set amusingly interpreted in light comedy.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's spectacular movie play, "Hearts of the World." Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"A Pair of Petticoats," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Very well acted and amusing polite comedy.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Man Who Stayed at Home." Notice later.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred Stone. The athletic antics of the clever comedian with a fine support in the way of a girl-and-music show.

Greenwich Village.—"Pan and the Young Shepherd." Idyllic pastoral play, not especially well done.

Harris.—"Her Country." Badly acted drama having as a basis an Americo-German marriage at the breaking out of the war.

Henry Miller's.—"The Fountain of Youth." See above.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Vaudeville, ballet and spectacle on the usual big scale.

Hudson.—"Nancy Lee," by Mr. Eugene Walters. Notice later.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Mr. Frank Craven the star of an amusing and tuneful musical comedy.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Novel stage telling of an interesting and dramatic double story.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Melodrama of the Canadian Northwest, interesting and picturesquely staged.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum and Bailey Circus. The old show renewing its youth.

Manhattan Opera House.—Closed.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Eyes of Youth." Occult picturing of the possibilities of a woman's life. Original and well done.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by the Hattons. That a fashionable man dressmaker in New York may have human sentiments demonstrated in flashy comedy.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard. Melodrama of the present war with thrilling stage effects.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Mary Ryan as the heroine of an amusing rural drama.

Plymouth.—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." Notice later.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Cheery little girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy.—"April," by Mr. Herbert Osborne. Notice later.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Very laughable but not altogether refined farce.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas, with Mr. Lionel Barrymore in the leading part. Excellently acted and very interesting drama of Civil War times.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"A Cure for Curables," by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. The American sanitarium habit the basis of a diverting farcical comedy.

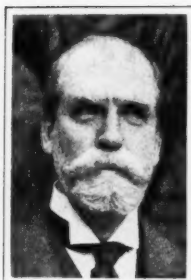
Vieux Colombier.—Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Army with Banners," by Dr. Chas. Rann Kennedy. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Joy for the t. b. m. in the form of big and brilliant girl-and-music show.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Entertainment in the way of cabaret, supping and dancing for those not in favor of daylight-saving.

Life's Horoscopes

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES



THIS gentleman was born with Castor and Pollux rampant with the Little Bear, Aquila tugging at his chains and Mars rising in the express elevator of the east. Should avoid large animals, such as California elephants and presidential bees, and confine himself to driving income taxis. Will succeed as a jockey at Sheephead, barber's assistant or cocktail mixer for an Arabian caravan. Looks well in pink silk tights, ornamented with Supreme Court chiffon cut *en train* and caught up at the side with ruffles of old point and shredded wheat.

ROBERT LA FOLLETTE

THIS gentleman was born in the third mansion of the full moon, with periscopes ascendant, Cancer and Scorpio singing hymns of hate and Capricorn giving the double cross to Virgo. He has a sweitzer-case mind attaining to great velocity in the arid regions of the northwest, dachshund hair, rising precipitously over a Hohenzollern forehead, and a disposition like a Heligoland. Will soon go on a long journey, from which he is not likely to return. Will do his best work on a lonely island, entirely surrounded by sauerkraut.



Looks well in a military tea gown made of poison ivy and barbed wire, and will succeed as an editorial writer on a Hearst paper, a bomb carrier in an ammunition factory or garbage administrator in a Turkish vilayet.

NEWTON D. BAKER

THIS gentleman was born with

Capricornus or the Goat in full eclipse with the Milky Way, Gemini three thousand miles in the air, Mars rosy and Taurus throwing fits in the second house. He has a machine-gun complexion, sanguine temperament, looks well in pneumonia kilts dotted with smart alecs or horse blankets trimmed with pacifist pleats, and should never go out on a dark night without broomsticks rampant. Will succeed as a salesman for a hot-air factory or assistant to college janitor or plumber's helper; or in the undertaking business. With Mercury triumphant and Cassiopeia's Chair rocked in the cradle of the deep will do well to avoid brigadier generals and senators. In conjunction with tatvic vibrations he can acquire a total vocabulary of four hundred words a minute, Fahrenheit, without displacement or perihelion, but should beware of khakis rising in the east.



T. L. M.

"YOU don't mean to say, sah, that Colonel Carter of Kentucky has joined the ranks of Prohibition."

"Yes, sah. I saw him, sah, only the other day, taking his whiskey with water."

The Latest Books

ONE nice thing about the ground hog is that you know, as the saying is, "where to find him." He isn't a camouflaged beast like the chameleon, nor a practical joker like the Irishman's flea. When he says he'll be back in six weeks, you can lay your plans accordingly. And if we sometimes forget this, it is our own fault. Along back in February, when May Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven" poked its nose above ground, we all drew a long breath and hoped that the rigors of a record-breaking literary winter were over and done with. And then, when nothing happened for weeks and weeks, we sort of settled back into our winter garments of repentance and forgot all about the dependable old ground hog and his promised spring fires. O we of little faith! For, just see who's here:

WILLIAM MCFEE, whose first novel, "Casuals of the Sea," which appeared in the fall of 1916, set both the critics and the reading public thinking, because of the strange fact that

it pleased both of them—nothing so staggers either a specialist or a layman as to find their independent diagnoses agreeing—has published a second novel, "Aliens" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50), which promises, for all its differences of mood and method, to repeat the miracle. In "Casuals" a husbandman of human values—a man who had sowed the grain of experience and reaped the harvest of understanding—offered us a bulging sheaf of his garnered crop. So great was his store, so generous was his impulse, and so carelessly or inexpertly was the shock bound and fastened, that we were almost as much astonished that it held together as rejoiced by the richness of its content. In "Aliens" a comparatively meager measure of this same husbandman's grain, thrashed, winnowed, graded and polished, is presented to us in one of the most original, skilfully contrived and technically successful "packages" of modern fiction. A paragraph is no place to discuss the combined verve and subtlety of the tale. But the excitement of swift sweep and poised suspense is there for readers who run, while for the less headlong there is the delightful color play of "human folly" turned facet by facet to the light. And for all of us there is the wonder as to what, if



THE DEACON'S HORSE AND THE DEACON'S DOG

the war spares him, this artist-husbandman may give us as he grows.

A WRITER who scores a marked success with his first book is in very much the position of a man out on bail. If he doesn't toe the scratch at his second hearing, his bond is forfeited. Of course he may come in later and fix things up. But that is another matter. Thomas Burke, whose first volume of fiction, "Limehouse Nights," made a decided hit last year, is, like McFee, up for his second hearing now in a novel called "Twinkletoes" (McBride, \$1.35), the short, apparently sentimental and outwardly undistinguished history of a slum butterfly, broken on a muddy wheel. It seems quite possible that many readers who, in spite of a normal shrinking from realistic tales of misery and degradation, were thrilled by the mixture of human sympathy and technical brilliance in Burke's stories of London's India Dock slums, may flinch from the present less exotic use of the same material. Yet the author's bond is in no danger of forfeiture, for "Twinkletoes," slight as it is, has a touch of sublimity in it. Like a Greek figurine, it is crudely moulded from unclean clay, yet it somehow manages to stand to us as the miniature presentment of a world-wide tragedy.

E. I. GRANT WATSON, the author of a first novel called "Where Bonds Are Loosed" (Knopf, \$1.50), is another prominent figure among those present at our spring festival. How large his audience is going to be remains to be seen; but if a clean-cut, swift-moving story of action, with an unargued but dramatically convincing point to it in the way of social analysis, can be depended on to draw readers from both wings

of the fiction-using camp, the audience ought to be sizeable. The scene of the story is a barren island off the Australian (Continued on page 611)



Near-Sighted Hun: DOT'S FUNNY! I THOUGHT I HAD A THREE-SPOT!

At the End of Two Years



LOUISETTE MASSON,
BABY 2001

JUST two years ago we described to LIFE's readers the work of what was then the Orphélinat des Armées. The employees of LIFE and LIFE Publishing Company had been impressed by the need of the children, and provided for the care of two orphans. Thinking that a few of our readers might be glad to help so worthy a cause, we gave them the opportunity to add their contributions to our own. The response was so prompt and generous that we have continued the appeal every week since, with the splendid results shown in the figures below.

But these are only figures. They are but cold representations of relief from hunger and deprivation, of the solace and encouragement given to the grieving but the still brave widowed mothers, of the great gratitude of the women and babies, of the help for the future of France and of the generosity of LIFE's readers.

Beginning with this week, early contributors to the fund will be notified as the two years' period expires in each case, and will be given the opportunity to provide for another two years' support of the same child. The children are still very young, and the Fraternité, successor to the Orphélinat, assures us the aid is still needed.

LIFE has received, in all, \$186,665.73, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,066,039.95 francs. We acknowledge from A. P. Williams, New York City, for Baby No. 2477..... \$73
Bridge Club, San Jose, Costa Rica, for Babies Nos. 2478 and 2479 146



JEANNE DUQUÈNE,
BABY 1235



PAULETTE CALLET,
BABY 1652



THE COFFRE FAMILY WITH MARIE, BABY 2228

Margaret B. Pirie, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, for Baby No. 2480	73
"In memory of C. H. Wells, killed in action, and of his mother," Bradford, Mass., for Baby No. 2481.....	73
J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2482 and 2483.	146
Miles Women's Literary Club, Miles, Iowa, for Baby No. 2484.	73
John H. Westcott, Jr., Princeton, N. J., for Baby No. 2485..	73
Elizabeth Remsen, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2486 and 2487	146
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Miller, Columbia, Mo., for Baby No. 2489	73
Kathleen D. Kent, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2490....	73
The Potter Shoe Company Red Cross Unit, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2491 and 2492	146
J. D. Grant, Slidell, La., for Baby No. 2494.....	73
Thacher Lower School, Ojai, Cal., for Baby No. 2495.....	73
First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, for Baby No. 2496	73
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., on account of Baby No. 1365	3
The Foraker Bridge Club, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1881	12
Nelson K. Crane, Co. "B," 18th Engineers, A. E. F., on account of Baby No. 1750.....	10
Jackson S. Martin, San. Det. 117th Amer. Tr., on account of Baby No. 2322.....	3
Room 13, Missoula County High School, through Alice Wright, on account of Baby No. 2493.....	40
A. F. Cayford, Pittsburgh, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2413.	10
Troop 3, Boy Scouts of America, Sound Beach, Conn., on account of Baby No. 2497.....	15
Henry Runels, Lowell, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 166.....	73
Gail Curtis, Lansing, Mich., final payment on account of Baby No. 1879	28

BABY NUMBER 2469

Already acknowledged	\$58.83
Elizabeth Remsen, New York City.....	4
The pupils of Grades II and III of Hazardville School, Hazardville, Conn.	5
C. K. B., Ottawa, Ill.....	5.17

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2488

C. K. B., Ottawa, Ill.....	\$9.83
Aline F. Goss, Melrose, Mass.....	5
L. Pierre Valligny, New York City.....	5
W. C. R., New York City.....	5
Mrs. E. Adelia Low, Toronto, Ontario.....	15

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Suppose that the longer life of Republic Tires saves you only the cost of one full set in a year's time.

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Tread

*Maximum Grip with
Minimum Friction*

REPUBLIC TIRES



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Pleasure

Old Ivan Haddelton had amassed a mammoth fortune, but he was of very penurious habits. His only surviving heir was a nephew whom he had always given to understand would inherit his wealth.

When the announcement of the nephew's approaching marriage was made the old gentleman was asked by a friend:

"Well, Ivan, now that Edgar has decided to marry, I suppose you will do something to make him happy on the occasion."

"I will," answered Haddelton; "I'll pretend that I am seriously ill."

—*Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

OLD GENT (to loafer in rough neighborhood): What terrible language these people use!

LOAFER: You're right, guv'nor—it's abaht the only thing wot ain't controlled nowadays.—*London Opinion.*



FANCY DIVING

A Natural Mistake

A Scot from Peebles emigrated to Canada, and the morning after his arrival hailed a coal-black African at a street corner.

"Hoot, mon," he said, "can ye tell me whaur I'll find the kirk?"

It so happened that the African had been born in Scotland himself, and had a burr as bad as the Peebles man's.

"Gang richt up to yon house," he said, "take the richt turnin', and, losh, ye're there."

The white Scot looked dazed.

"Aiblins ye're frae Scotland yersel?" he said.

"Richt ye are," said the black Scot. "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"Hoo lang ha'e ye been ower here?"

"Aboot two year."

"Heaven save us and keep us!" said the white Scot. "Whaur can I get the next boat for Glesgae?"

—*London Opinion.*

"ARE you economizing at your house?"

"No. The table has become so scant that everybody is eating expensive lunches and suppers downtown."

—*Washington Star.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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Lend Him
A Hand



BUY
LIBERTY
BONDS



Maillard

NEW

YORK

A HOME NIGHT

AN EASY CHAIR

A GOOD BOOK

AND A BOTTLE OF

CLYSMIC

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

XUM

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Boy's Bad Break

A rather dignified lady got a little shock the other afternoon. She called at the house of a new acquaintance, and the little fellow who answered the door said that his mother was out. The dignified lady took out a card to leave, and in doing so let the tissue sheet flutter to the ground. The boy glanced at it.

"Please'm," he said, "you dropped one of your cigarette papers."—*Transcript*.

Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to pringle and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Ulmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette

25¢

S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

On to Him

One evening some time since John Henry called on the darling of his heart, and while talking to the fair one he casually referred to some of the hardships of the present day.

"I see, Gladys," he remarked, "that the price of coal has gone up again, and that it is hard to get at any price."

"Has it?" responded Gladys, without showing any great concern.

"Yes," answered John Henry, "and they say they are also advancing house rents, while sugar—"

"Look here, John Henry!" suddenly interjected the fair one, with a withering expression. "If you want to break off our engagement, say so, but don't try to beat around the bush in such a cowardly way."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

"THE MANOR"—Asheville, North Carolina
 IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF.

The Limit

TED: I hear he is very extravagant.

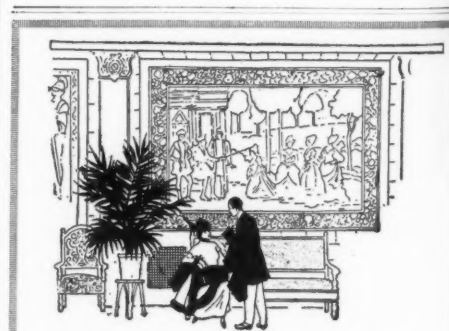
NED: Is he? Why, he had a plumber repair his auto.

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE lovely Hatusab was peeved. Her royal spouse, Psattichus II, had been showing entirely too much interest in a lately acquired Circassian slave. But Hatusab was wily as well as lovely, and achieved a double revenge. On Tuesday morning she intercepted the royal copy of *LIFE*, to which the king was a devoted subscriber, and secreted it in the apartment of the Circassian. Thus she vexed her husband mightily, and at the same time caused the demise of her rival.



Potato Bug: KAMERAD!



The BILTMORE

43rd and 44th Streets and Madison Avenue

The center of social life at
TEA TIME

Ideally convenient for
 suburban dwellers

The Unstained Shield

With unstained shield and sharp sword we stand . . . ready to strike and win, God with us.
—Crown Prince Frederick William.

A SHIELD of dark corruption
The German war-lords wrought:
A shield of lies and foulness,
Of lust and sinful thought,
Of cruelty and hatred,
Of death and blood and tears,
Of broken faith and ruthlessness,
Of treachery and fears.

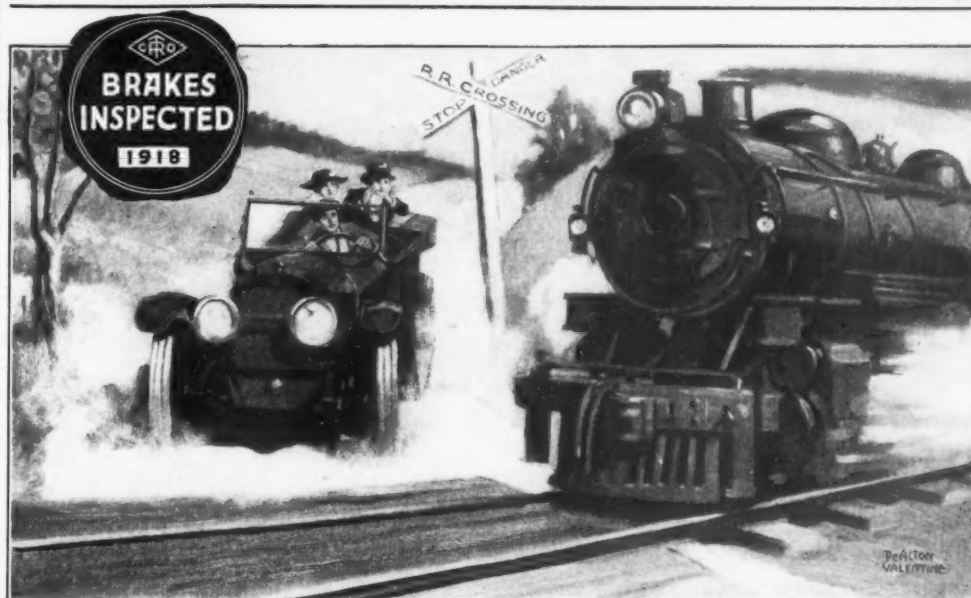
Upon its dreadful surface
The ghastly colors lay,
Unbrightened and unbroken
By one redeeming ray
Of chivalry or justice
Or truth's revealing light
Or reverence or moral code
Or equity or right.

Across its grisly shadows
No stain of fairness fell
To mar its utter evil,
Conceived and forged in hell.
Barbarity and baseness
Its frowning face revealed. . . .
God help the innocents who face
The stainless German shield!
Kenneth L. Roberts.

"*DILIGENCE is the mother of good luck,*" wrote Poor Richard in his almanac for 1758. This year he might have written, "*An annual subscription to LIFE is the father of weekly happiness.*"



IMPRESSIONS OF CONGRESS



How quickly could you stop?

Don't wait for an emergency to test your brakes

WHEN the unexpected happens can you count absolutely on your brakes? At the moment they are most needed will they act quickly, surely and safely?

With so much depending on good brakes is it wise for you to neglect them?

Perhaps only a slight adjustment is necessary to make them dependable instead of doubtful.

If they do need relining you most certainly want to know it.

Endorsed by automobile manufacturers

The engineers of fifty-one leading manufacturers, ten axle makers, and countless jobbers and dealers have selected Thermoid Brake Lining because they know its dependability.

1. More material, greater service. There is over 40% more material and 60% more labor used in the manufacture of Thermoid Brake Lining than in any woven brake lining.

2. Grapnelized—an exclusive process which creates resistance to moisture, oil and gasoline.

3. Hydraulic compressed, uniform throughout. Every square inch of Thermoid is hydraulic compressed at a pressure of 2000 pounds.

Have your dealer inspect your brakes today. He will show you Thermoid Brake Lining that you may see why it is so different, so efficient and long wearing. If he hasn't Thermoid we will gladly send a sample.

Be sure to accept no substitute, our guarantee protects you. **Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.**

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, N. J.

Branches:
New York Chicago San Francisco Indianapolis
Detroit Los Angeles Philadelphia
Pittsburgh Boston London Turin Paris

Canadian Distributors:
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches in all principal Canadian cities



Makers of "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

(C) Thermoid Rubber Co., 1918

Brake Inspection Movement

Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce automobile accidents, by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins, and regularly thereafter. Give it your support.



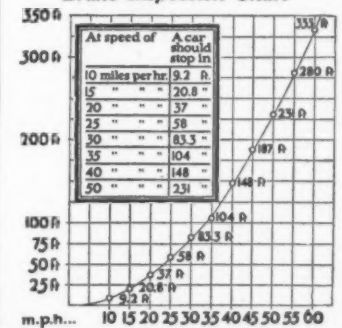
Will your car do this?

Automobile engineers have proved that when brake mechanism is right and road conditions average, any car should stop at distances and speeds given by the chart.

V^2 means the square of the velocity or speed of your car; 10.8 is the proved factor of retardation under average road conditions. This factor decreases on smooth, slippery roads to 6.7 and increases as high as 17.4 on rough, worn roads. The chart represents the average condition and other conditions can readily be figured by changing the factor within the given limits.

Remember that your brake mechanism is not "right" unless its brake lining has the ideal co-efficient of friction. The better the brake lining the quicker your stop.

Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart



When Doctors Disagree

OF course there are the M.D.'s. They used to tell me not to drink at meals, and now they say I can drink all I want to. They used to advise only whole-wheat bread; now white bread is back in favor. They used to talk about poisoning the air by breathing it over and over; now they say the amount of carbon dioxide we can pump into the air of a room overnight is negligible. And so on.

But there are other doctors that dis-



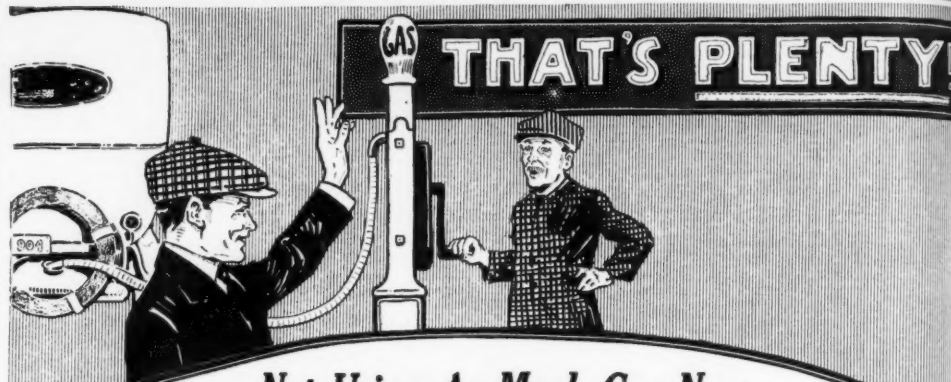
*Mother—
It's Well!!*

LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine cleanses and keeps clean the fresh wound and hastens natural healing by preventing infection.

Booklet "Listerine in Domestic Medicine"—mailed on request.

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Not Using As Much Gas Now

Same old story—voiced by thousands of Stromberg users. On old car or new—high priced or low—the new Stromberg Carburetor cuts deep into fuel costs. The tremendous savings it has made and is making for all Stromberg users it will make for you. Our Free Literature will prove that.

Write for it. Give name, model and year of your car.

STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.

64 E. 25th Street, Dept. 412, Chicago, Illinois

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR

agree. There are the A.D.'s—automobile doctors. Says one: "Don't strain your tires by air pressure." Says another: "Make them tight, or you'll have rim cuts." Says one: "Keep the sparker high." Says another: "Keep her low." Says one: "Safety first; turn out promptly." Says another: "Teach the road-hog a lesson; don't turn out till the last instant." And so on.

Then there are the W.D.'s, the authorities on the woman question. Some urge: "The extravagance of women is at the bottom of all our social troubles." Others insist: "Give the purse into woman's hands; she is a born economist." Some assert that women should vote, because of their purity of character; others, that they should not vote, because they would follow the evil ways of their husbands. Some favor opposition to the absurdity and indecency of fashion. Others declare that women are the best judges of what is proper and beautiful. And so on.

There are the N.D.'s, with precisely opposite views of the tendencies of the modern novel; and the T.D.'s, with contrary opinions regarding the theatre, and how to uplift it; and the S.D.'s, with

diverse notions concerning saloons, and their improvement or abolition; and the F.D.'s, with frantically clashing ideas about finance; and similarly there are fighting doctors in every human sphere.

Is it any wonder that in this pandemonium of authorities the plain man has just about concluded to decide for himself?

Amos R. Wells.

It was not stopping his cars that made Ulysses immune to the song of the sirens. He had just received the copy of LIFE, to which he was a regular subscriber, and was so immersed in it that he never heard them.



MAKING FRIENDS

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes



Soldiers use Foot-Ease

And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. One war relief committee reports, that of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers. The American, British and French troops use it, because it takes the Friction from the shoe and freshens the feet.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Why not order a dozen packages to-day to mail to your soldier friends in training camps and in the army and navy. Sold by Drugists and Dept. stores everywhere, 25 cts. **FREE** trial package sent by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Clear Your Throat

with **Zymole Trokeys**

Quick Relief for Husky, Hoarse, Tickling Throats
25c at all Drug Stores. Sample for two-cent stamp
Frederick Stearns & Company, -:- Detroit, U. S. A.

Makers of NIP-A-CO laxative cold tablets

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 603)

coast, where a neglected hospital for sick natives is in charge of a few isolated whites. One of the latter is a highly trained young scientist. Another is a big, uneducated sheep-herder from the bush. Another is a nurse who has lost social caste, but hopes to regain her standing. Society's props as well as its bonds are gone. The ring is set, but there is no referee. And the best man—best under the perfectly natural but highly significant circumstances—wins. The book is that very unusual thing, a novel with both a "punch" and a "follow up."

THERE are some of us who, if we flung our winter sackcloth in the flames and found no spring detective stories to put on, would feel mentally Godiva-ish. For these there is Bennett Copplestone's "The Lost Naval Papers" (Dutton, \$1.50), a collection of short stories in which very entertaining play is made with a new kind of sleuth-hero—a Scotland Yard inspector, whose clever work is made amusing as well as exciting by his overweening egotism and professional swank. All the stories have to do with spy-catching and other war work in England.

ONE of the best early explanations we received of the then unfamiliar methods of trench fighting on the western front was from a little book called "Trench Warfare," by J. S. Smith. The author, who enlisted early in the war in the Canadian ranks, was later promoted and transferred to a Scotch regiment, and is now a lieutenant in our own army, has published a volume called "Over There and Back" (Dutton, \$1.50). It contains an account of his personal experience; and the same simple directness, the same quick appreciation of the interpretative value of homely happenings, throws the gears of its modest narrative into mesh with our own imaginations.

"MARCHING ON TANGA" (Dutton, \$1.50), by F. Bret Young, an English ambulance surgeon attached to General Smuts's conglomerate army in its victorious campaign in German East Africa, is another volume that supplies a colorful square in the crazy-quilt of the world-war. An excellent map enables the diagram-minded reader to follow, step by step, the progress of the desperate flanking movement through the fever breeding wilderness along the tropic Pangani River; and nothing so far published in the way of belated returns from the backwoods of belligerency gives us so vividly to realize the universality of the present struggle nor the far-flung persistency of the opposing traditions.

J. B. Kerfoot.

HAMLET had just been informed of Ophelia's sad fate. "Poor girl! Poor girl!" he soliloquized. "Why did I not think to cheer her up by making her an annual subscriber to LIFE?"



If you could watch HAVOLINE in a cylinder

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IF you could see the cylinders of your automobile motor cut in half with the piston going, you would see the real reason for Havoline Oil.

You would see a film of oil evenly spread between piston rings and cylinder side. You would see the piston moving with the lightning-like rapidity of hundreds of strokes per minute.

You would see heat as high as 3000° at the cylinder head, with the walls below at some 400°—heat which the most perfect cooling system could not prevent from ruining your motor were not good oil protecting the closely fitting steel surfaces.

It takes an oil like Havoline to maintain this film constantly even and indestructible under the

wear and great heat in your motor. One little break in that protecting oil film would put dry metal against dry metal, and friction would quickly get in its deadly work.

Then, too, that fine film of Havoline between piston and cylinder wall acts as a seal to prevent the gases escaping between cylinder wall and piston. If these gases should break through they would eat into the oil, kill its lubricating quality, and then would begin your motor's break-down. If you could see this you would know that Havoline is the safest oil you can give your motor under all conditions.

*Havoline Greases are compounded of
Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow.
Clean to handle and correct in body.*

Indian Refining Company, Producers and Refiners of Petroleum NEW YORK
Incorporated

HAVOLINE OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"It makes a difference"



The Trend of Footwear Fashions

As the Style Committee predicted, footwear fashions for Spring and Summer follow the trend established at Palm Beach.

High shoes and low shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid are worn almost exclusively by smartly dressed women who were quick to apprehend this trend.

"F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81," it will be remembered, is the leather that "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand" and which requires no muss dressing to preserve its new and unblemished appearance.

It is the leather now shown in the latest styles at the better shops.



Either of these tags attached to the shoes you buy is an assurance of correct style and an evidence that you are getting "The Best There Is" in leather.



Write to us if you have difficulty finding shoes with either of these identifying tags attached.

Fashion Publicity Co.
of New York



"MY BOY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
"FIGHT GERMANS."

A Line-Up

Those Who Oppose Hoover

Food profiteers.
The German-American Alliance.
Large numbers of pacifists.
The allies of Germany.
Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.
William Hohenzollern.
The General Staff of the German army.

Those Who Uphold Hoover

England, France, Italy and Belgium.
The Commissary Department of our army.
Every American over-seas.
Experts on the world's food supply.
Authorities on military matters.
Persons of discernment, intuition and clear vision.
All true patriots.

\$2* Invested in Vogue Will Save You \$200

(a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown)

This year, above all others, when extravagance and waste must be avoided, you should have Vogue at your right hand. For now, every woman must devote even more than her usual care to the selection of every detail of her wardrobe, so that not one hat, gown or wrap may remain unworn and its price wasted.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

VOGUE

suggests

that before you spend a single penny on your new clothes, before you even begin to plan your spring wardrobe, you consult its great series of Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers. Save yourself from a wrong start. Begin with the

*Smart Fashions for War Incomes Number (NOW READY)

For \$2, a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown, you may have the Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers of Vogue.

HERE ARE YOUR 9 NUMBERS:

Ten if you mail the coupon now

*Smart Fashions for War Incomes Apr. 15
Must you economize? And yet look chic? A Vogue-trained dollar is a dollar doubled.

Brides' Number May 1
Charming brides, in charming gowns, are married charmingly in this number of Vogue.

Summer Homes May 15
And everything for them, from a Korean teahouse to a Sz-Chuen birdcage.

Summer Fashions June 1
Summer clothes are fascinating. Vogue knows. Shows. Buys. And you have no regrets.

In the Country June 15
Everything from a piquant parasol to a clingless bathing suit. What to read and what to do with your friends when you entertain.

Hot Weather Fashions July 1
How to be cool though decorative. The latest Paris touch, and how to apply it in your own costumes.

The Hostess Number July 15
How to dress one's salad, one's table, one's servants. Chats about books, plays, war-charities and people.

Interior Decorations Aug. 1
Vogue considers the temperament, age, and station in life of a house, and furnishes it accordingly.

Children's Number Aug. 15
Every year the fashions for children grow quainter and sweeter—English plain or French-ruffled—and Vogue has caught all their charm.

Autumn Millinery Sept. 1
Little hats and big hats; hats that take the veil and hats that choose the world.

Don't Send Money

Don't bother to inclose a cheque, or even to write a letter. The coupon opposite will do, and is easier and quicker. With one stroke of the pen, you will solve your entire spring and summer clothes problem, assuring yourself valuable and new ideas and insuring yourself against costly failures.



(C) Vogue

*Special Offer

Nine Numbers of Vogue for \$2—ten if you mail the coupon now.

We will start your subscription with one of the first copies off the press of our Smart Fashions for War Incomes Number, thus giving you TEN numbers of Vogue instead of nine, if your order is received in time.

Since the additional copy must come out of a small reserve supply on hand to meet the demand for this annual Smart Fashions Number, you can see why this extra number cannot be guaranteed unless your order is received immediately.

VOGUE, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City
Please send me the NINE numbers of Vogue as described. I will forward \$2 on receipt of bill. (OR) If this order is enclosed promptly it is understood that if the order is returned promptly you will send me an extra complimentary copy of the Smart Fashions Number, making TEN issues in all.
Name..... Street..... City..... State..... L. 4-21-18

French Babies

(Continued from page 604)

2123. René Bigel. I. W. Stewart, Oxnard, Cal.
 2167. Louise Cazalet Bignalet. A New York Corporation.
 2190. Germaine Bijon. The Pen and Brush Club.
 2177. Ginette Billault. "H. W. S." Springfield, Maine.
 2128. Roland Binet. D. H. Grandin Milling Co.
 2180. Samuel Blanc. J. J. and Irene Lichter.
 2181. Aline Blanc. J. J. and Irene Lichter.
 2206. Bluettes Bleschet. Lucie Martin.
 2124. Marguerite Bodet. The Kappa Delta Club of Perth Amboy, N. J.
 2121. Jacqueline Bodin. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gane and son.
 2168. Yvonne Bodros. A New York Corporation.
 2327. Georges Schwach. Adah B. Peters.
 2377. Madeleine Royer. Marian Hallock Foote.
 2131. Joseph Boissinot. William D. Sewall.
 2125. Anfoinette Boissy. Crown Chapter Sewing Circle, O. E. S., Columbus, Ohio.
 2130. Madeleine Bolasco. The Bowen Branch Library.
 2143. Gaston Bompert. Several contributors.
 2136. André Bonissol. Several contributors.
 2193. Maurice Bonnaventure. Evelyn Virginia Willing and Evelyn Eyre Willing.
 2132. Philomène Bonnet. "The G's," Warsaw, N. Y.
 2202. Marthe Bordenave. Marietta Masonic Club.
 2310. Robert Bosch. Mrs. James L. Mathews.
 2169. Suzanne Boscq. "In memory of E. A. D." Windber, Pa.
 2170. Marie Louise Boscq. "In memory of E. A. D." Windber, Pa.
 2196. Jean Bothuon. C. H. Goodnow.
 2133. Jeanne Bouchacourt. Miss Elizabeth K. Chambers.
 2134. Yvonne Boudet. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harper.
 2135. Elie Bouisson. Miss Beatrice Starr.
 2209. Céline Boulanger. Celine Martin.
 2129. Louis Bouquillon. Mrs. E. M. Dexter.
 2145. Pierre Bourdillat. John Q. Lyman.



"Try this easy way to clear your skin"

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, helps to remove pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

The extreme purity of Resinol Soap, its freedom from harsh, drying alkali, and the soothing, healing Resinol medication which it contains adapt it also to the care of the hair and of a baby's delicate skin.

Resinol Soap is delightfully cleansing, and contains no artificial coloring, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol balsams it contains.

It is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room size trial cake and a miniature box of Resinol Ointment write Dept. 5-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Why Not?

IN these times of military excitement when all society is military mad, why not use some of the most applicable military terms for describing social events during the "present emergency"? The following is suggested to live reporters covering church weddings:

"The beautiful young bride entered from the right wing in full dress, with equipment 'C,' marching on the left flank of her organization commander, while the groom, also in heavy marching order and accompanied by his next-in-command, entered from the left wing, the entire company assembling in mass formation to the front and centre, standing at ease until the camouflaged orchestra ceased, when it was called to attention by the Rev. So-and-So, chief of staff, who proceeded to read the General and Special Orders of Matrimony and instructed the recruits in their respective duties, as set out in the Regulations, and to the stirring strains of a Sousa march the assembled company executed a column left and passed in review in a column of twos, reporting immediately to quarters for mess."

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Our FREE Book
MOORE'S MODERN METHODS
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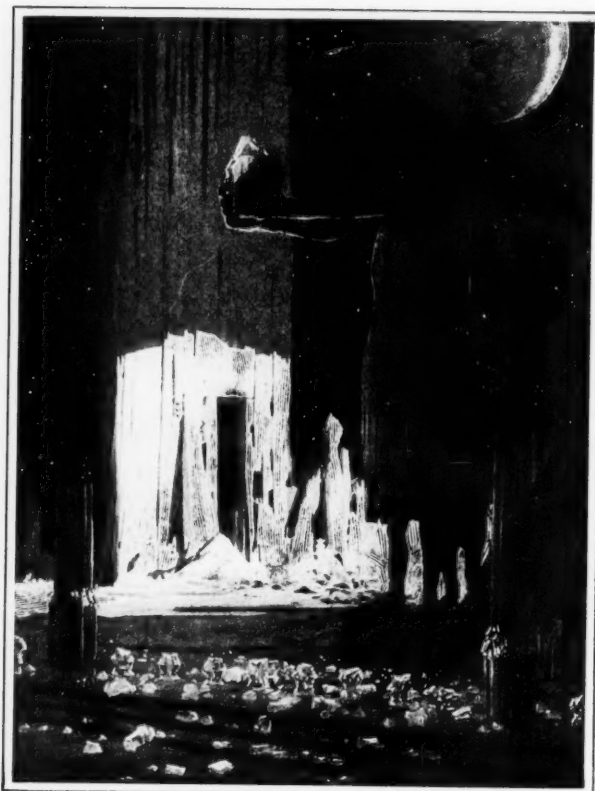
BELL-ANS
 Absolutely Removes
 Indigestion. One package
 proves it. 25c at all druggists.

From an Editress

Returned with Thanks

MISS DOTTY DIMPLETON returns herewith the ardent love of Mr. Charles Augustus De Peyster Brown, with regret that the great pressure upon her valuable space renders it impossible at present to make use of much passion, oftentimes of high merit. There are many reasons why excellent material of the

kind Mr. Brown offers has to be rejected. It may be due to a plethora of similar material, or the contribution submitted may not be in line with Miss Dimpleton's present love policy, or the contribution may be too long. Miss Dimpleton wishes to assure Mr. Brown that she is, however, always pleased to hear from him, and trusts that he will understand that, in the limited time at her disposal, it is not possible to furnish a more lengthy reason for returning his offers.



"The diamonds are there, and plenty of them"

The treasures of the moon and the little people of Mars draw closer to the earth in

DROWSY

A story of adventure that bursts all bounds, and love that overcomes space. By John Ames Mitchell, the author of "Amos Judd" and "The Pines of Lory," etc., etc.

Published by Stokes. Sent upon receipt of \$1.50 by Life Publishing Company, 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

Second Edition

Motorists who use LUDEN'S don't mind the other Fellow's dust

Just dissolve a Luden or two on the tongue. Parched throat, or dust-irritated air passages are refreshed and cleared. Give quick relief. You will find that Luden's keeps nose, throat and air passages in a more healthful condition. No coloring: no narcotics.



Luden's
Yellow
Sanitary
Package—
5c as usual

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL
CANDY
COUGH
DROPS

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1918. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Metcalfe, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the business managers of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Life Publishing Company 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. Editor, J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. Managing Editor, T. L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. Business managers, Andrew Miller and J. S. Metcalfe, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y.; J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y.; Andrew Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: United States Trust Company, 45 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y.; North River Savings Bank, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, N. Y. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. James S. Metcalfe. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1918. (Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

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Books Received

Fiction

Just Outside, by Stacy Aumonier. (The Century Company, \$1.35.) A study of thwarted individuality by the author of "The Friends."

Twinkletoes, by Thomas Burke. (Robert M. McBride Company, \$1.35.) Another tale of Limehouse.

The Bag of Saffron, by Bettina von Hutten. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.) The story of a genteel adventuress.

The Cabin (La Barraca), by V. Blasco Ibañez. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50.) A Valencian regional novel.

Michail Gourakin, by Lappo Danilevskaya. (Robert M. McBride & Co., \$1.50.) A story of the ineffectual rich in Russia.

The Key of the Fields and Boldero, by Henry Milner Rideout. (Duffield & Co., \$1.35.) Novelettes of adventure.

The Biography of a Million Dollars, by George Kibbe Turner. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.50.) A romance of business.

The Flamingo's Nest, by Roger Sprague. (Lederer, Street & Zeus, Berkeley, Cal., \$1.35.) A story with an authentic Hawaiian setting.

Poetry and Drama

The Sands of Fate: A Phantasy, by Sir Thomas Barclay. (Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, \$1.50.) A dramatized study of the personal element in international history.

The Broadway Anthology. (Duffield & Co.) Newspaper verse by Edward Bernays, Samuel Hoffenstein, Walter Kingsley and Murdock Pemberton.

Fifty Years and Other Poems, by James Weldon Johnson. (Cornhill Company, Boston, \$1.25.) Poems of racial sentiment; Negro croons and jingles.

Airs and Ballads, by John McClure. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.) Songs by a member of the national Hobo college fraternity.

Poems, by Edward Thomas. (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.) A posthumous volume of "Edward Eastaway."

Travel

Alone in the Caribbean, by Frederic

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A. Fenger. (George H. Doran Company, \$2.) The cruise of the sailing canoe "Yakaboo."

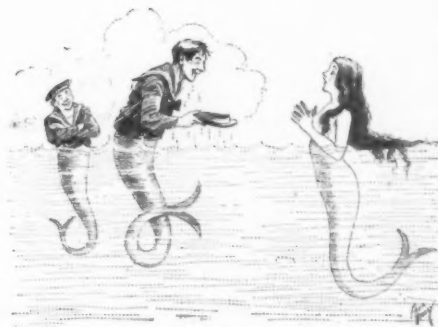
Over Japan Way, by Alfred M. Hitchcock. (Henry Holt & Co., \$2.) A book of informal gossip, fully illustrated.

The War

Headquarters Nights, by Vernon Kellogg. (Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, \$1.) Three sketches by the former envoy of the Committee for the Relief of Belgium.

The Soul of the Russian Revolution, by Moissaye J. Olgin. (Henry Holt & Co., \$2.50.) An authoritative and readable account of causes and conditions.

South-Eastern Europe, by Vladislav R. Savic. (Fleming H. Revell Company, \$1.50.) A Serbian view of the Southern Slav question.



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